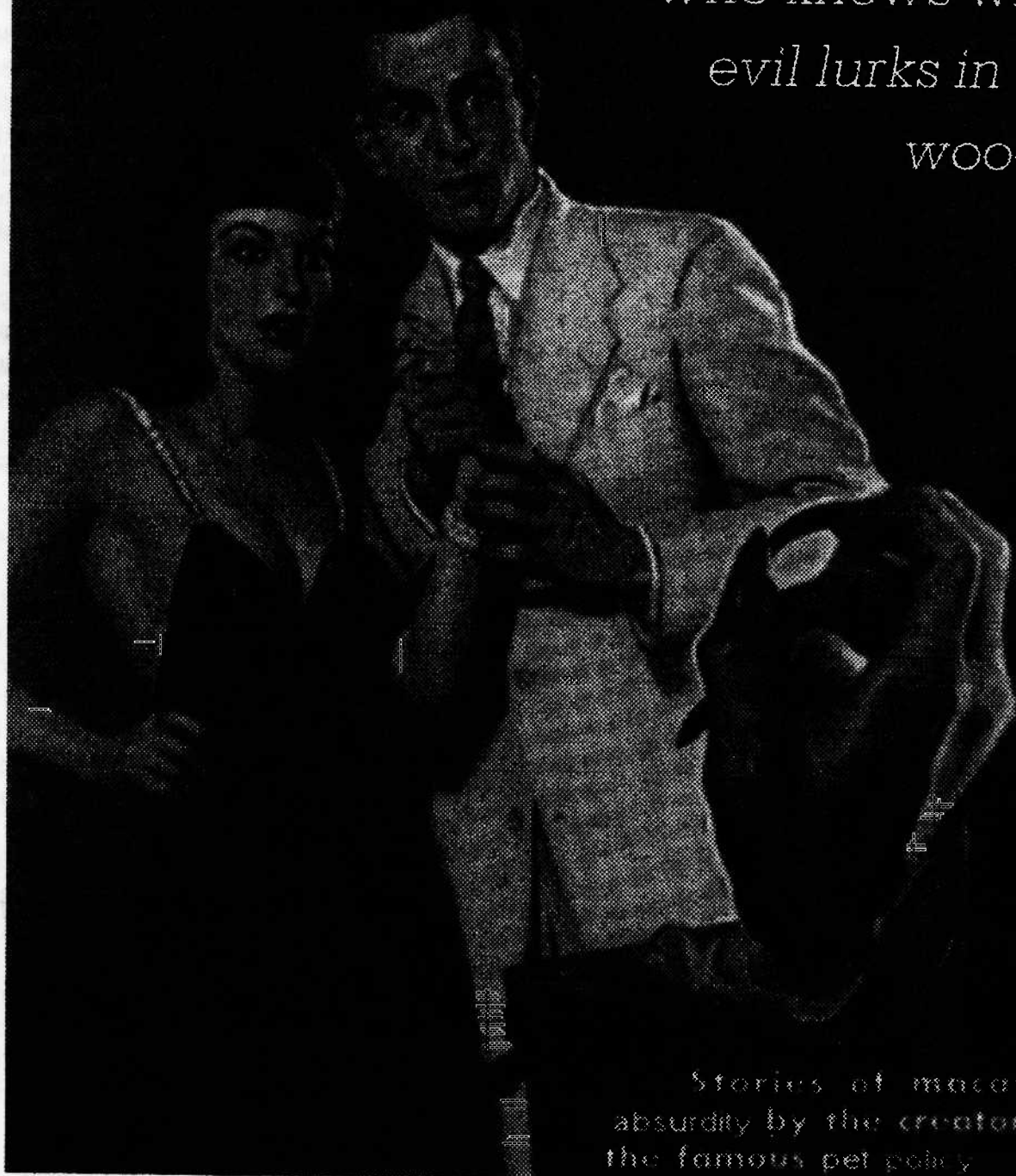


VOLUME 4  
ISSUE 6

THE OMEN *presents...*

It Came From  
**THE YURT!**

*Who knows what  
evil lurks in the  
woods?*



Stories of macabre  
absurdity by the creator of  
the famous pet policy

# THE OMEN

Volume 4, Number 6  
Rocktober 28, 1994

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Contribute, Contribute Contribute!!!!  
(please?)

"Hey yo, Chuck, they say we too black"  
-Flavor Flav

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## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to stand by whatever you said. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not okay in the forum and will not be printed.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (our news, our opinions, our artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527) or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY macintosh), although hard copy (on paper) is okay too. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



## Mongols, Mongoloids and Flavor Flav

Hello again, campers. Welcome to the official HURT THE YURT issue. You will find a few different opinions (and some similar ones) pertaining to everybody's favorite waste of space, time, and money. I don't intend to go into this subject in depth right here and now because that should be pretty well covered elsewhere in these pages. As for my two cents, I think the yurt is being built on false ideals, under false pretenses: 1) Wood wasn't ever that great resource in Mongolia, animal hides made a great contribution to the construction of a yurt; 2) Mongolians were warring, angry, and hostile people, meditation wasn't their best interest; 3) Yurts were meant to be in secluded places, not right next to FPH (or using FPH's, or any, electricity); 4) I don't know this for a fact, but I bet Mongolians never had the occasion to Contra-Dance at one of their yurts; finally, 5) Mongolians didn't spend an unnecessary eight-thousand dollars on a structure that no one wanted, and no one needed. Or maybe Mongoloids have been the ones building yurts centuries ago, and I just got information about the wrong thing.

Now for bigger fish to fry. If you noticed, last week we ran a quote from Public Enemy's Flavor Flav. Actually, this week we are doing the same, and we will con-

tinue to do so. Yes, the Flavor Flav quote of the week is a brand new regular feature of The Omen. Now I bet you're asking, "Jon, why the hell are you doing this?" SHUT UP, I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU. Sitting around with a 101-102 degree fever triggered by a swell sinus infection, I realized that almost every band would be better off if it had a Flavor Flav in it. Someone to provide a antidote for the serious side of music.

Of course, this wouldn't work for some musicians (maybe the Kronos Quartet, Hawkwind, etc.), but think of all the fun that could be had with other bands or

musicians. Here are a couple places that I could see Flavor Flav fitting in. Nirvana: "What else could I be... Yo Chuck, we can't be that man." Elvis Costello: "Allison... Yo Chuck, is she rockin', is she chockin'." J.S. Bach: "Yo Chuck, is we fuguein', is we moogin'." Velvet Underground: "I'm waiting for the man... Yo Chuck, they must be on the pipe, right?" And so forth and so on. If you ask me, Flavor Flav couldn't be in enough bands, also is it me or has he not mellowed out at all since he got off crack? That's totally amazing.

Thanks kids, see you next week.

Jonathan Land  
Managing Editor  
The Hampshire Omen

## The Yurt: Racist as Hell

It's hard being a role model for all of you campers out there, but being at the vanguard of ethical grace holds certain responsibilities that I am not willing to shirk. That being the case, it behooves me to share certain of my thoughts with you, thoughts concerning recent events at happy Camp Hamp.

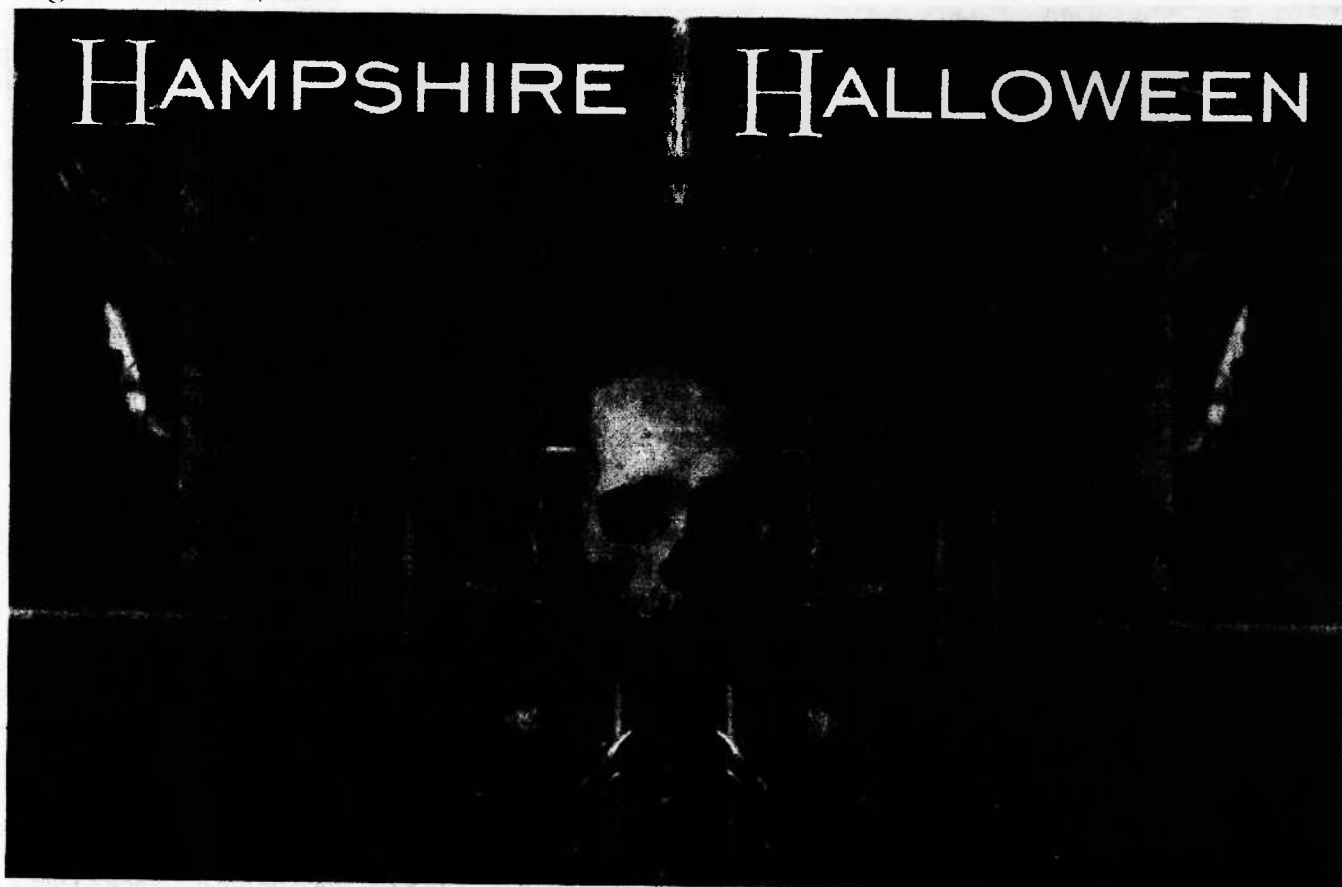
My thoughts have bent most recently to the Yurt, a project headed by the good M1stEr AAAAAAAAAAAaron Godwin. I cannot condone this obvious celebration of Mongol domi-

nance of Western Christendom during the fifth century. I can appreciate the effort that Mr. Godwin has put forth in raising the money and heading the project in general, but unless he is of Mongol descent, I just cannot understand his choice of architectural glorification.

I believe that it was Genghis Khan who said, "a man's place is in the Yurt, and a woman's place is underneath him in that Yurt." Do we really want to memorialize that kind of mentality here at Hampshire College? This horde terrorized Europe,

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## Happy Halloween, You Scary Bastards

Today is Hampshire Halloween. As far as we know, there are some definite plans in the way of celebratory shit. First and foremost, there will be fireworks from 8:00 to 9:00 p.m. on the soccer field. You know, bright colored lights, oooh, aaah. Last year, it was pretty neat, and they cost a lot of money. Rather like Hampshire, but more gratifying.

The second triumph of the planning committee is the appearance of kick-butt Irish band Cordelia's Dad during the evening festivities in the back room (once upon a goddamn time known as the smoking room) of the dining commons. They plan on playing an acoustic set from 9:00 to 10:00 p.m., followed by an electric set

from 10:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m., and I guarantee that both will be great. The band is pretty good looking, too. For those of us interested in lots of bass and dance stuff, the front room will be manned by a dj, beginning at 10:00 p.m. There will also be a costume contest held in SAGA during the dance, so come in costume, and you might win something.

During the pre-dance part of the day, there will be assorted diversions about campus to woo us away from studying. amongst these niceties will be tarot readings, community booths, a fire eater, a match making booth for the desperate and dateless, and performances by campus bands. Rumor has it that Echo Janes may also be playing.

Along more traditional autumnal celebration lines, there will be a series of hayrides during the day. The first ride begins at 10:30 a.m., transporting anyone interested from the Children's Center to the Multicultural Center for storytelling at 11:00 a.m. Ten minute rides beginning at the main bus stop are scheduled for 12:00 noon and 12:30, and a forty minute ride will begin at 1:15 p.m.

All in all, it looks as though Hampshire Halloween may yet be salvaged, in spite of the fact that the majority of this campus was too apathetic to get off their lazy asses and help make anything happen. Thanks Kate, Scott, Larry and company. I hope that everyone enjoys your efforts. Yeah.

-by Scarlett Hook

## SECTION HATE

### At Least They're Doing Something

Like almost everyone else in this issue, today I have elected to write about that ever-controversial subject, the Yurt. There are various angles I wish to pursue in this dissertation: 1) The "Yurt Backlash", 2) The "Yurt People", and 3) The "Yurt and What It Says About Hampshire Being a Tribe of Reactionary Yahoos" (myself included). Let me first proclaim this entire issue as a topic being due to a distinct lack of agrobastards, uppity Marxists, and indignant feminazis on campus. Face it, folks. Things are comparatively dull around here. If it wasn't for the Yurt, we'd be reduced to complaining about our inability to charge cigarettes at the campus store. What would life be about if it wasn't for the ubiquitous human ability to kvetch?

So, to begin. Aside from the fat the "Yurt" is an intrinsically humorous monosyllabic word that conjures visions of Genghis Khan and sweeping pogroms on the steppes of Russia, The counter-Yurt movement stems, I think, from Hampshire stems, I think, from Hampshire students in general being too bored and disinterested in actual world in general being too bored and disinterested in actual world events and therefore incurring the need to pick on domestic phenomena at Hampshire (Okay. It's also fun to pick on events at Hampshire. That's why I do it.).

What easier target could there be than a bunch of earnest, easily-categorized-as-"earthy" people taking money from the public coffers and creating a dome-shaped hippie hovel? With the absence of the perpetually annoying Ishvi Aum this semester, reactionary Hampshire students are suffering from a dearth of mockable material. So, we "hurt the Yurt". Well, it's all in good fun (for example: there has been a complete lack of Yurt-oriented molotov cocktail construction...thus far.), even if it is slightly misplaced energy in a world full of vastly more ridiculous entities (Democrats, for example.). People make fun of the Yurt because they can, and malice is a cheap commodity. My advice to the Yurt people, whatever my personal feelings about the Yurt are, is to take the jibing as a tribute to people who care enough to drag their asses out of their Mods and actually accomplish something on this campus. Hate happens. Hell, I edit the damn thing.

Now, as to the "Yurt People". Having always been an ardent advocate of the Hampshire Tunnel System Plan (conceived by moi S'92), yet lacking the passion to actually put spaced in the hands of the hardy and heave ho, I respect them for their efforts. Action, no matter what form it takes, is always superior to inaction. Personally, I think the Yurt is

silly. But the fact that it isn't silly to so many members of this community is a fact that commands my respect. I almost got laughed out of Dodge two years ago when I started The Omen. It's hard to start anything around here that meets with 100% public approval. Being an in-your-face kind of gal, all the contempt that was showered upon me for doing The Omen only spurred me onward, and I believe that this perspective will prove handy to Aaron Godwin and his crew of Yurt-spawners. Adversity builds character and drive. I'm sure every crack at the Amish only results in another barn-raising. So let every anti-Yurt manifesto allow another nail be driven into the Yurt (well, if you're using nails. I'm not really familiar with the construction plans, so you could be using paste for all I know...although I did stop by to look at the blueprints at the construction site the other day.). Harness the backlash and raise the middle finger of productivity in the face of public crucifixion. All the best cultures are the product of oppression by The Man (giggle, giggle). Look at all the cool stuff that comes out of Russia.

As a final point...the Yurt situation is a small, yet telling, allegory for life at Hampshire College. Historically, our progressive little community has always been resistant to change. Proposals to alter the aca-

*Continued on page 7*

## Notes from Limboland

*Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the author himself - he might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? And a reminder: Remember that Frank Sinatra, while he is a schmuck, is still God, and don't forget to write for The Omen. Now get on with it, already. I'm sick of writing in italics.*

Well, I saw a message on the bitchboard at Saga tonight, in what I must assume is Jonathan Land's lovely scrawl (but I may be wrong), entreating me to submit something to that famous Hampshire College rag, The Omen. I stood there like a fool, pondering the plea, then found myself wondering, "Who am I to refuse such a desperate and heartfelt request?" And, so, here I am.

But I'm no good at the whole "news" thing (along with about, oh, say, eighty percent of Hampshire's student population), even though I did do a brief stint as Your Roving Reporter for the Hampshire Examiner in Spring '93. (Remember the Examiner? I think it was the immediate successor to the Permanent Press, and the immediate predecessor to the Phoenix - but I could be wrong. The official Hampshire College newspaper changed names so many times during the 92-93 school year that I got hopelessly lost trying to keep up.) No, "news" is not my forte. Ranting and raving (other-

wise known as editorializing), however, is something I've had success in. You see, I used to do this crazy, bitter-first-year column for the Merrill FRED back in 92-93 called "Notes from the Bottom of the Hampshire Totem Pole." Now, however, I am not a first year, though still bitter - hence "Notes from Limboland."

But I can tell you don't care. All righty, then. Let's get down to business.

Parent's Weekend - oh, I'm sorry, I forgot that we call it Friends and Family Weekend here. Silly me. Anyway, Friends and Family Weekend is coming up (or, depending upon publication, just occurred), that oh so joyous time of year when Saga brings out the good food they've been hiding in the back somewhere like panicked citizens preparing for World War Three, Greg Prince presses the flesh for PR and donations to our impoverished school, and the campus is overrun by middle-aged suburbanites who still don't understand what a Div I is. Get out your pom-poms, folks, and cheer for the old home team. Its a hoot. No, really. I mean it.

What I don't understand about Friends and Family Weekend is the air of complete normality the administration tries to put on the school. I mean, here we have Admissions playing up the fact that Hampshire is so different - at least, academically; they tend to downplay the social situations here - yet, for this one weekend out of the year, the administration, or whoever it is

that runs Friends and Family Weekend, wants to make our beloved parents believe that we are just your run-of-the-mill, average liberal arts college. Well, maybe that's going a bit too far, but that's the impression I get.

Yet we all know that Hampshire is definitely not a normal place. C'mon, folks, let's face it: we're freaks. We're the oddballs, the people who don't fit in, the slackers, the kids who dress funny (and, in a quick aside: what's with the current trend of wearing those stupid little white plastic barrettes - you know, the ones you wore when you were six? I have two words for you: bad decision.). Even if we did get passed on by MTV - in favor of the single, silly house at Wesleyan, or Wellsley, or Whatever - we're still one of the strangest institutions of higher learning in the grand old US of A. Hampshire College is Kurt Cobain's and Eddie Vetter's wet dream: a place where the freaks can be freaks and not get funny, disgusted stares from everyone else, 'cause we're all freaks. I wish the administration would just admit that to everyone else in the world and have done with it. I bet that would let them breathe a little easier the night of October 20 - the eve of the Weekend.

And what's the deal with getting the information out to us about Friends and Family Weekend, anyway? Did anyone see anything until this week? Yeah, you know, those red flyer deals telling us about things to do on this glori-

*Continued on next page*

## The Last of Limboland

ous, amazing, chart-topping Weekend. I didn't see those things up until this week. If you saw them earlier, let me know. I'd think it was a minor miracle.

(Random thought: Have you ever forgotten how to spell the word like, oh, say, friend, just because you can't remember in which order the letters go? Ponder that. Deeply. Let it haunt your dreams.)

So, that's it. Have fun watching the parents ask their kids, "So, honey, how are your grades?" and, if you can, gorge yourself on the good stuff at Saga. And hey, while you're at it, revel in your freakishness, you crazy kids. We may not all like the stuff you do (like me and those goddamn

fucking plastic barrettes... excuse me) but, for the most part, nobody's really going to censor anyone else. I hope.

Anyway, see you next time. I'm sure I'll have a lot more random editorializing for you reading (dis)pleasure. If you have any questions, comments, or things you'd like to talk about, I'm at box 0021, my extension is 4342 (leave a message) and I live on B-2 longside - although I'm not there very often, as my hallmates can attest. Have fun, folks, and remember: keep reaching for the stars, but keep your feet on the ground.

Thppth.

Josh Brassard

## Christian outrage Cont.

subjugated it's populace, and decimated it with plagues.

In this era of ethnic awareness, it is important to recognize other cultures for their contributions to civilization; a building made of bone and hides, light enough to carry on the back of a horse does not constitute a great contribution to the world order. A marauding horde of unkempt Hell's Angels would be denounced and hunted down, but it appears that we at Hampshire College would build a Harley Davidson Dealership!

I will not apologize for my feelings either. I do not celebrate the white slave owners, nor do I

celebrate the Arab slave traders. I do not embrace the ideals of the violent black man who claims to have been oppressed for centuries and then takes it out on me. I am of European descent, and I was raised a Christian; I will not, as a consequence, hail the oppressors of my people and of my religion.

The Yurt is an offence to me and to my history, and to the Mongols who had no cement and wood. I will always view it as a personal affront, and the spirit of my Christian ancestors cries out within my heart.

aaRONmULVANY



*A totally random photo, just like the Phoenix*

## An End to Hate

demic system, the pet policy, the smoking policy, the Coke issue, et cetera, are hallmarks in the existence of the college. People feel safe when their lives lack entropy. Safe, and bored. So to fight the ennui, we build Yurts and create newspapers, while those who remain bored get jealous and wax malicious.

I encourage the Yurt folk to keep giving their all. Not because I personally find their project worthwhile, but because it is important to many individuals on this campus. The function of Hampshire is to sponsor education and personal growth. And while I don't feel my britches getting any bigger because there's a Mongolian war-dome being constructed near FPH, I'm sure some people have swelling wood over it. Good luck, everyone. Roll with the punches and realize that notoriety is a heap better than inactive obscurity. Although wouldn't it have been a lot cheaper to just build the damn thing out of felt?

Stephanie Cole  
Section Hate Editor  
The Hampshire Omen



# What the Future Has in Store For You

## **Sagittarius (Nov.23 - Dec.22):**

Your happy and carefree attitude will carry you far, until you own tongue trips you up when you let it slip about that drifter in Detroit. Avoid daylight and social contact, as both will be unsatisfying.

## **Capricorn (Dec.23-Jan.20)**

Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean nobody's after you. Remember, there's nothing wrong with you that massive doses of phenothiazine won't distract you from.

## **Aquarius(Jan.21-Feb.19)**

Important developments in your solar chart indicate that everything's going to feel "itchier". Romantically... well, it's pretty much hopeless.

## **Pieces (Feb.20-March 20)**

You are feeling sleepy. So, so sleepy. You love the yurt. Greg Prince is an able man.

## **Aries (March 21-April 20)**

As the next month opens you will be experiencing a powerful moon your sign, which means you'll probably contract some horrible disease (insanity a possibility, permanent malformation a definite).

## **Taurus (April 21-May 21)**

Venus's current movements will implant overwhelming suggestions of Satanism in your head. Founding cults or mail fraud could lead to big financial dividends.

## **Gemini (May 22-June 21)**

Business opportunities abound this week. If you play your cards right, you could scam an

unsuspecting college community out of thousands of dollars for a useless hut.

## **Cancer (June 22-July 23)**

Your sarcastic wit will land you in a Mexican prison.

## **Leo (July 24-Aug.23)**

You hide it well, but I think we both know how screwed you really are.

## **Virgo (Aug.24-Sept.23)**

With Saturn going retrograde, terrorist raids will go poorly. Your best friend will betray you to the soldiers of the Republic around the 5th... and no, that isn't "just a rash".

## **Libra (Sept.24-Oct.23)**

Everything's going your way - a plague on those who block your path. Festering sores to those who will not grovel. Hail! Hail!

## **Scorpio (Oct.24-Nov.22)**

The new alignment of planets in your house may render you sterile, with the possibility of seizures on the 1st. Extracurricular commitments will mark a rapid descent into hell.

-Dave

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## Put Up or Shut Up

There's two things that I've been overhearing lately. The first is people looking for a forum to submit articles, drawings, photos, poetry, community advertisements, whatever their messed-up heads come up with. The second is people bustin' on The Omen, calling it a rag and a waste of paper. I'll make this short:

This is your community paper. We are not a newspaper. We are not a weekly jerk-off. We are a group of people who bust their ass weekly to circulate the ideas and works of the community. We can

only be as good as you make us. Yes, we have an editorial staff and we have regular columns, but that does not exclude or excuse you from using us as a community forum.

The Omen comes out once a week, and it goes all over campus. It is a valuable resource fueled by your money and our work. Take advantage of it.

This has always been and probably always will be our policy, as you can see in our policy box along with the fine details of how to submit.

-Dave

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## Fuck the Yurt!